

Bred For Combat Built For War

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Summary: My life as a spartan began as any other spartan. I trained at Reach, which then became a victim of Covenant glassing operations. Follow me, as I try to reclaim what was once lost... My humanity...

1. Chapter 1

Well. It seems to me I am venturing out into the Halo world. I am glad to say, that I am a HUGE fan of Halo, and would be happy to create a story, or stories off of it.

(Hope you don't mind of me using the Jossten character again. I just really like him.)

And there will be a plot twist about Cortana when the time is right...

Now, please enjoy...

Epilogue:

_ "Mommy?" _

_ "Yes baby?" _

_ "I wanna know something." _

_ "What's that?" _

_ "What the UNSC?" _

_ "What do you mean?" _

_ "Well, my friends keep talking about it, saying there dads know it." _

_ "Well, the UNSC is where soldiers enlist for combat." _

_ "Really?" _

_ "Yes, child. Your father once served there... Before..." _

_ "Before what mommy?" _

_ "Before... He was sent away." She said with a fake smile, telling me things I didn't know. _

_ We lived on a desolate planet, populated with civilians, along with a UNSC training base next to us, about a hundred miles away. We could still hear the explosions of the large cannons, deafened a bit by the environment. _

_ This planet, I would come later to know, as the planet known as Reach... _

_ "Come on, we don't got all day!" Our drill instructor screamed at us. _

_ I kept up well with the other kids, even better actually. Even on my worst, I was still better, but just by a sliver. _

_ After our normal exercises, we concluded with lunch, and moved on to our extreme conditioning exercises. _

_ Extreme conditioning exercises was a course, where whoever lasted longest doing this exercise, shooting targets, recon the enemy position, and carrying dummy marines to a safe extraction point. These only were once every other month, but lasted for 3 and a half weeks. _

_ I seemed to end up being the last member of my team that hadn't passed out, or injured themselves somehow. _

_ "Alright spartans, you now the drill, when they state your names and serial numbers, say your time aloud to the announcer." Another officer said. _

_ "Yes sir!" We said in unison. _

_ "Mark 124!" _

_ "Time, 6 days, 22 hours, and 27 minutes!" He announced while taking a step forward. _

_ "Damn, son. You need to work out more!" He said. _

_ "Marcus 132!" _

_ "Time, 6 days, 21 hours, 42 minutes!" _

_ "Lord on high does anyone have an acceptable time?" _

_ "James 82!" _

"Time, 8 days, 18 hours, and 21 minutes!"

"Looks like you spartans are just another pretty face, am I right?"

'Wow. Time is short for these people.' I thought.

"James 14!"

"Time, 13 days, 15 hours, 11 minutes!"

"Better, but still horrible."

And he went on and on, until he reached the last three.

"Alexander 4!"

"Time, 13 days, 14 hours, 24 minutes!"

"John 82!"

"Time 19 days, 11 hours, 54 minutes!"

He sighed in disappointment and finally called out the last member.

"Ju... Jossten 001!"

"Course complete." I announced.

He folded his book up, and looked at me, before walking over briskly to me.

Many gasps and stares went around while looking at me from across the line.

"Are you Jossten 001?" He asked me.

"Yes sir!"

"My name Drill instructor Avery J. Johnson, and I have never met a spartan in my lifetime who has completed this course. Well done young man!"

"Axious!" Which meant 'I am worthy' in Latin.

"Damn right! Now you other spartans better hoof it if you expect to pass this exam."

And time went by, as we trained more and more, until we finally passed our exams.

Of course, I passed with perfect scores. The others passed too, but just barely. John and I were the only two which managed to score above 90. He scored 94, but I scored 100.

Now it was time. Time for the thing rumored to be called; Augmentation.

No one really knew what augmentation was. It was just a rumor to us.

I was escorted over to a machine that looked dreaded. It had plugs, and needles, from which I knew had to enter your skin. I heard that the required age was 14, but I wasn't 14.

I layed down on the table, and suddenly, metal straps wraped around my wrists, my ankles, and my torso.

I saw that two needles suddenly came closer and closer to my neck, when one of the doctor's looked over me and smiled, and then asked a question.

"How old are you?"

"T... Ten."

"Ten?"

"Yes ma'am."

She sighed, and seemed to ponder the fact that I was only ten, when she ordered the procedure to continue on.

I suddenly fell unconscious, when something unexpected happened.

I felt pain in the sides of my neck, and every other part of my body, when a white hot pain seemed to course through it in the most torturous way.

This lasted for what seemed like hours, but was only minutes.

Time Skip; 3 days later.

"Wha... What's happening?"

"Good, your awake." The same doctor said from before, except I was now looking down at her.

"What happened? Did you shrink?"

"No, quite the opposite really. You grew."

"What?" I said while looking at my body. Yes. It grew. Everything seemed to grow 500% larger. And I was wearing some type of suit along with it.

"But I have never seen a subject quite like you before."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see." She smiled.

I suddenly felt a pin-prickin the back of my head, before a sensation of a water-type feeling rushed over my body, and something was injected into my head.

After a few moments, the doctor said I was ready.

_ "Ready for what?" I said as I was unhooked from the machine._

_ "Ready for combat. You're free to go."_

_ "I am?"_

_ "Yes."_

_ "Oh... Yes ma'am."_

_ Two guards led me out, and I saw a door, which opened up automatically._

_ My short, dark blond hair seemed to love the surrounding wind, and my emerald eyes scanned the enviroment._

_ I looked at the other spartans, all wearing the same suit, just different colors._

_ Some wore white, green, and red. But I wore black and grey._

_ I learned that any spartan wearing black and grey armor, was a one in a million type spartan, only awarded with the best suits._

_ "Wow, dude." James 14 said to me._

_ "Woah, how did you get so large?" Alexander 4 asked._

_ I just shrugged my shoulders and lined up with the rest of the spartans._

_ Why we were lined up still didn't make any sense, until Seargent Johnson came out holding a device._

_ "Attention!" He said._

_ "Take your helmets off and stand proud!" He barked._

_ We stood motionless, until I saw a hologram A.I. appear, and scan us spartans._

_ "I choose James 14." The first one said._

_ "I choose Alexander 4." Another said._

_ Why they were choosing, I have no idea._

_ After a while, John was picked, Marcus was picked, until an AI, not really wearing clothes I would call acceptable, which were actually lines of code, picked me._

_ "I choose Jossten 001."_

_ And that was it. Johnson gave me a chip, and told me to insert it into my head located in the back._

_ I inserted the chip, not knowing really what his was until someone spoke up._

"Hello. My name is Cortana, and I will be your AI. I will be monitoring your vital signs, keeping you updated with comms, and lots of other boring stuff you don't wanna know about." She said in my helmet.

"O... Kay." I said nervously.

Johnson walked over to me, and shook my hand firmly.

"Go on. Make us proud."

"Yes sir." I said happily.

I thought of one line when I walked towards the pelican.

"Bred for combat. Built for war."

****CHAPTER END****

****So how was it? For my first Halo beginning I thought I did pretty well.****

****Reviews are welcome! And if you need me, PM me!****

****~LunarChrome****

2. Chapter 2

****Well. I don't have much to say.****

****So, please enjoy...****

Chapter 1: Reach

(Underlined words and words from Cortana)

Riding in a pelican was about the single most normal thing for me. Other than practicing every known combat form, pelicans were pretty normal.

I was the only one standing up, because no chair was available. But that was fine, I didn't like sitting down anyway.

"So, Jossten, how'd you get so big?" Marcus asked me.

I had my helmet on, and just looked at him. I was a foot and a half taller than any spartan there. Why? I don't really know. The age for augmentation was 14 and 13, but I was only 10.

"Your age." I said in a low voice. My voice seemed fuller, and lower pitched than any here.

"What about our ages?" Alexander said.

"What was your age?"

"13." Marcus said.

"14." Alexander replied.

"Hm."

"I think I know why your so large." Cortana said to me.

"Why?" I said back.

"Your augmentation was scheduled to be at 14, but you aced training so fast, they augmented you as soon as possible."

"Hm."

"Since you were only 10 years old, the amount of augmentational energy put into you, was disporportionate, hence, your larger than normal."

"So, why are you so large?" James asked.

"I was scheduled to be augmented a 14 years of age, but was augmented at 10 years of age."

"Woah, why so young?" Alexander said to me.

"It seems that I completed every training test with flying colors, and was augmented as soon as possible."

Being a foot and a half tall than any other spartan was nice though. My chest was more built than other spartans, my legs, my arms, and my back.

Everything was larger. In a sense, I was super-augmented.

I just looked out from the pelican. I didn't need to bother with an explanation anyway.

"Alright, here we are." The pilot said.

"Prepare for landing."

We felt te pelican land on something solid, as we looked to see another UNSC base, but this time, a munitions depot.

'Hm. Probably issuing weapons.'

The pelican door opened up, and we proceeded to walk out.

"Watch your step." The pilot said to us.

We were walking out, when Marcus seemed to trip on one of the grates that were loosely screwed on.

I caught him just in time though. Having faster reflexes helps with things like that.

"You alright?" I asked, just to see if he didn't have anything wrong with him.

"Yes." He replied.

I resumed walking, until we walked off the pelican, and onto the solid metal surface of the depot, and walked towards the large door ahead.

The door opened up, and we walked in.

"Alright spartans. This is where you are issued weapons. You have your choice of weapon, and you will stick to that weapon until you are in need of another. Understood?"

"Yes sir!" We said while saluting.

"Go on, we don't have all day."

We walked over to the large weapons, and looked at them.

There were assault rifles, battle rifles, shotguns, and a sidearm.

"Shotgun, aww yeah." Alexander said while picking it up, along with a ass-load of shells.

Others picked battle rifles. Others picked assault rifles. But something else caught my eye.

I walked over to the dimly lit weapon arsenal, and saw what I was looking for.

A katana. Only to be used by the highest spartans.

I picked it up, and practiced with it a bit, the other spartans watching me as I did so.

I picked that, and a sidearm. Not to mention a whole lot of magazines.

"Woah, a sword!" Marcus exclaimed.

The officer walked up to me, a stern look on his face.

"Do you know how to operate that sword?"

"Yes sir. I trained for months with a sword."

"Good. Finally a spartan who doesn't go guns blazing. We could use a sword weilder. Seeing as how your armor is black and grey, I guessing you are a stealth operative?" He asked.

"Yes sir."

I looked at the sword again, and saw, engraved in the sword, was the word;

'Axious'

I grabbed the sheath, and connected it with my armor in the back.

He led us out, and gave us a salute. we acknowledged with the same, and boarded the pelican. We walked inside, and he closed the

hatch.

I pulled out the sword when no one was near me, and studied it. Made of the hardest alloy, and razor sharp, it shined with regality as I studied it some more.

"Wow man, were did you get that?"

I didn't answer. I was too busy being intriuged by the sword. It was as clean as a whistle.

I put it inside my sheath, and sat down on one of the free seats. I strapped myself in, and prepared for the ride.

After a few moments, we heard an evacuation taking place in the civilian city.

"Turn that up." I said to the pilot.

"Evacuation is underway mutiple Covenana-" And the radio cut out. Either our radio just died, or something was interfering with the signal.

"Marine, open the hatch."

"What? You crazy or sumthin'?"

"Do it now!" I said to him.

The hatch opened it up, and something I never though possible, was happening. Multiple Covenant cruisers were shooting drop pods down on Reach, all at the same time, UNSC Light Cruisers tried to stop them, but only ended in complete failure.

"Land us!" I barked.

"Yes sir!" He said quickly.

"Well, this is our first chance to see what the Covenant look like face to face."

And at the same time, my comms went off.

"Oh god, this can't be." Cortana said.

"What can't be?" I said while running out of the pelican, the other spartans unsure of my actions.

"The Covenant have succesfully landed drop pods. Good thing the evac was quick about it. But we need to get in there and see what's going on."

"Listen to this."

"We are requesting backup, all marines need to be stationed at Reach!" My comms went off, and a female announcer said on the emergency line.

I kept running, until I heard something ungodly.

"Ergoh, chaaa vo vo vo!" A gruff voice said while he waved his hand to someone.

I stopped when I heard this, then saw rubble coming down through the atmosphere, crashing down on my position.

I dodged and weaved through the rubble, until I found cover, and saw a dead marine with a shotgun next to him. I grabbed that, along with as many shells as I could find. I proceeded to get up, when rubble crashed near my position, covering me in dust for a few moments.

(Music: Rock in a Hard place)

I reloaded the shotgun, and walked out from the dust, pumping the shotgun to release the shell, and put another one in.

I looked back, and saw my squad behind me, all ready and pumped for the battle ahead.

"Cheenaww, vobanew!" He said while shooting at us. The bullets flew past us, one hitting me in my left leg, damaging my shield a considerable amount.

I ran back and forth, zig zagging through the enemies to kill the leader, a tactic used to confuse grunts.

I jumped in front of him, blasting my shotgun in his face, popping his shields, and killing him instantly.

"Wahaha!" The grunts whimpered while shooting and walking backwards.

I put my shotgun to my back, and pulled out my katana, and charged at them the way they old samurais used to, dragging their sword on the ground, and then raising up to attack.

I sliced through the first grunt, my sword covered in blood from them, proceeded to kill the next one. A plasma grenade flew past my head as I yelled;

"Head's up!"

I sliced through the next one, and the next, before an Elite came around the corner holding a large cannon, dressed in yellow armor.

He shot a blast at me, hitting the ground and blowing me back.

I had no idea where my squad was now, assuming they split up.

I got up quickly, and heard him charge for me, screaming something as he did so.

"Chabanew!"

I rushed at him, and stabbed in the gut, my sword stopping his advance immediately.

"Chabanew to you too." I said while pulling it out. I walked towards

some stairs, seeing grunted run away in fear at what a spartan could do.

"Covenant dropship inbound." Cortana notified me.

I climbed to a high building, and looked out at the mess below.

I thought of one thing when I saw the Covenant dropships release troops onto the city below.

"This is going to be one hell of a fight."

"This is going to be one hell of a fight." Me and Cortana said in unison.

****CHAPTER END****

End
file.